

Stagione della Strega

(Season of the Witch)

Blood suddenly faster
from Roman shadow
taste.

Mane of shooting stars and quiet candles:

Red and black diamond
taking prisoner the man
the woman

and none
seek escape.

There is lace and lamé
on walls
and ceilings,
and her back is strong from the hunt
...for her voice
is a killing tune
cut from the grand days and nights
in neon
cosmopolitan.

Lioness on the boulevard
and none
seek escape.

For her passage is magic,
in light and dark

...majesty
and puzzle flowers
wrapped in sunbeam coffee

from the Appian Way.

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Note: Originally written in dedication to an old pal named Tamela D'Amico.